THE IOLA REGISTER.

Official paper of Allen county and of Iola City

CHARLES F. SCOTT, Publisher.

IOLA, - - - - - - KANSAS

OH! MERRY BROOK.

Oh! merry, gurgling, babbling brook,
Glinting gold in shaded nook,
Reflecting shadows on thy glass,
Coquetting sunbeams as they pass,
Oh! whence thy song?

Ah! didst thou learn in ding or dell,
Where nymphs of wood their love-plight tell,
A tale of joy from wooer's lips,
While in his thirst thy pearl-drops sips,
That make thee glad?

Pray, hath the moon a power to bless
And fondle with a soft caress,
As thou dost hasten to thy goal,
Thy foaming, madden'd, dashing soul
Into sweet rest?

Oh! hath some angel stooped to drink
A satiate draft from thy cool brink,
And left a glance on thy fair face
That finds a voice in music's grace
To solace thee?

Or, hath the lips of mountain-god
Where thy pure fount hath her abode,
Impressed on thy bright cheeks a kiss
That thrills thy soul with endless bliss,
That thou dost sing?

Or, hath the woods a charm for thee
To cause thee sing sweet melody
To flowers that deck thy sloping banks
And lowly bow their silent thanks,
As thou doth pass?

Or springs the temper of thy song
From what thou doest all day long,
As from thy high and rocky home
On happy mission thou dost come,
To make all green?

Is this the secret of thy joy,
Thy moments find a rich employ;
By night by day, in shade and sun,
Thy doing good is never done,
And so thou'rt glad?

Oh! merry brook that runs for aye,
Thy lessons teach on life's drear way
To wandering souls that know not this,
That doing good is life's sweet bliss,
The key of song.

That none can sing who have not felt
Their cold, dead hearts in pathos melt
To help some other struggling life
To win in sin's hard, bitter strife,
And wear a crown.

That souls must give as well as take
If they their lives would happy make.
Like brook, their richness they must yield
To rocky glen and wood and field,
To make all green.

Just as the flow of ceaseless stream
That flashes back each passing gleam
And gently laves the grasses' feet
And with its touch makes violets sweet
So fresh and blue;

So they alone sing richest song,
Who faithful seek, the whole day long,
To lift bowed heads, cheer troubled hearts,
Dispensing words that love imparts,
Like healing balm.

Flow on, O brook that runs for aye,
Bringing cheer along thy way:
And may we prove thy lesson sweet
To each embittered life we meet,
By giving cheer.

M. J. Smalley, in Interior.

THE MAN WITHOUT A WATCH

THOMAS MORLEY knew the value of promptitude. He was a young man on whom ninety-two seasons had poured benefits and adversities, although many of the latter he took to be the former, his temperament shedding sorrow as a duck does water, to use a castanean simile.

He was a born and bred New Yorker; but, at the time of which we write, he had been living for the last ten or twelve months in Uxton, up among the hills of northwestern Connecticut, studying the natives, for he was a writer.

Having filled a portfolio with material for enough dialect stories to run one of the great magazines for a year, he determined to seek his matter in the metropolis, and to that end applied for a reportership on the New York Courier-Journal, in which paper many of his brightest things had appeared at remunerative rates.

As has been said, he knew the value of promptitude, so when at eight o'clock one night Farmer Phelps' hired man handed him a letter from James Fitzgerald, managing editor of the Courier-Journal, asking him to come and see him in regard to a reportership as soon as possible, he made up his mind to take the train which left Winsonia, four miles distant, at six o'clock next

"WHY, IT'S STOPPED."

morning. This would enable him to reach the office by half-past ten, and probably catch Mr. Fitzgerald on his arrival at his desk.

Next morning he arose at four, and when he left the house he had sixty minutes in which to walk four miles, down hill; ample time, surely.

It was so ample that he would have had fifteen minutes to spare if the home clock had been right. As it was, he arrived at the station in time to see the train rapidly disappearing around a curve on its way to New York. He laughed good-naturedly with the baggageman, and asked him when the next down train was due.

"Seven-thirty, sharp. You'll not have to wait long."

Seven-thirty. That would bring him into the presence or Mr. Fitzgerald at just about the time he arrived at his sanctum. "Better than to have to wait in a presumably stuffy room," said he to himself, philosophically. He lit a cigar, and, as the air was bracing and he was fond of walking, he struck out into a five-mile an-hour gait down the main street of Winsonia.

His footsteps led him further than he had intended going, and when he reached the Baptist church at East Winsonia, he saw by its clock that it lacked but forty minutes of train time, and he had four miles to make. He threw away the stump of his cigar, which had been out for some time, broke into a jog trot, and, after covering a mile, he caught his second wind and mended his pace.

His fleetness would have served its turn had not a malicious breeze blown his hat over a high iron fence that surrounded a churchyard. By the time he had climbed the fence and recovered his hat, he had consumed so many precious minutes that, although he sprinted the last mile, he arrived at the station only in time to see train number two disappearing around that hateful curve.

The baggageman was standing on the platform, and he said:

"Ain't once enough?"

"More than enough for most people," said Thomas, whose rare good nature was proof against even such a remark at such a time.

The next train for New York was due at 9:56. Being somewhat blown, he walked around the corner to a billiard-room, meaning to sit down and watch whatever game might be in progress.

"It may be," soliloquized Thomas, "that Fitzgerald won't reach the office until after lunch, and I'll get there at half-past two, in time to see him when he's feeling good."

He met Ned Halloway at the billiard-room, and when Ned asked him to take a cue, he consented. Billiards was a game in which he was apt to lose—himself, at any rate; yet to-day his mind was enough on the alert to enable him, after a time, to glance at the clock over the bar in the next room. It was forty-five minutes past eight.

They began another game. Later he looked again at the clock. A quarter of nine. After another game he looked up once more. "Fifteen minutes to ni—. Say, Ned, what's the matter with that clock?" Ned looked at it, then at his watch. "Why, it's stopped!"

"You settle—see you later—" and Thomas was gone like a shot.

This time he had the rare pleasure of noting how the rear car of a train grows rapidly smaller as it recedes. In a moment the train disappeared around the curve before mentioned.

"Say, Mr Morley, you've time to miss the next, easy," said the baggageman, dryly.

Thomas was vexed, but he said, pleasantly: "When is it due?"

"Half-past two. Better wait here and make sure of it."

"Oh, dry up!" No; do the other thing; it's on me."

After this little duty had been performed, Thomas, with an irrelevancy of action that might have struck an observer as amusing, made his way to the Y. M. C. A. rooms to read the magazines.

"Let's see," said he. "I'll get to his desk at seven. He'll be hard at work, and, if he engages me, he may send me out on an assignment at once. Glad I missed the other trains."

Thus was Thomas wont to soliloquize. At one o'clock he went to Conley's inn, and sat down to one of those dinners that attract drummers to a hotel. Necessarily, then, it was a good dinner, and one over which he lingered until nearly two. Then he went into the office and sat down.

The room was warm, and his dinner had made him drowsy. He decided to take a little nap. He had the faculty of waking when he pleased, and he willed to do so at fifteen minutes past two. It would be weakness for him to get to the station with too much time to spare; but this would give him a quarter hour in which to go a half mile.

His awakening faculty would seem to have been slightly out of order that day, however, and he did not arouse until twenty-nine minutes past two by the hotel clock.

Of course, he did not make a fool of himself by trying to do a half mile in sixty seconds, but he walked leisurely toward the station, intending to get his ticket and have that off his mind.

He laughed heartily at a corpulent fellow who darted by him, carrying a grip.

His laughter ceased, however, when, on turning the corner, he discerned the aforesaid fat man in the act of being assisted on to the platform of the last car by the brakeman, the train having acquired considerable momentum. Then he saw it disappear around a curve which was part of the road at that point. There were three explanations possible. Either the train was behind time; or else his awakening faculty was in good repair; or the hotel clock was fourteen minutes fast. The latter proved to be the correct explanation of the somewhat vexing occurrence.

"Say, that is a bad habit you have of missing trains," said his friend, the baggageman. "Goin' to miss another? —or do anything else?"

"No," said Thomas, shortly.

He knew that the next train at five was the last. This would make it possible to reach Fitzgerald at half-past nine. "Right in the heat of the work. He'll engage me to get rid of me," laughed Thomas to himself. Then he continued: "I never heard of a man missing every train in a day, so I'll risk calling on Laura before the next one starts."

Miss Sedgwick, the one he called Laura, lived out of town near the railroad track, and two miles nearer New York than Winsonia station.

She was a captivating girl, and when Thomas was in her presence he never took heed of time. He was lucky enough to find her at home. She seemed glad to see him, and was much interested in his account of how near he had come to catching some trains that day; and, as nothing is so engaging as a good listener, the minutes passed on pneumatic tires. When at last he took note of the hour, it was five o'clock.

"That clock isn't right, is it?"

"Yes, sir. Father keeps it at railroad time. Mercy! you've lost your train again, haven't you?"

"Laura, this time it's bad. I won't see him to-day, now, and to-morrow may not do. Let me go and kick myself."

"I'm awfully sorry, Tom. I hope to-morrow won't be too late."

Thomas squeezed her hand and left her, feeling rather blue.

The railroad track was just a block away, and he walked over to it, not with suicidal intent, but just that he might tantalize himself with a view of the train as it sped by, which it should do in about a minute.

"At any rate," said he, "it won't be going around that dreadful curve."

It was the last of December, and the sun had set. When he reached the track he saw far away a glimmer of the headlight of the five o'clock express.

Nearer and nearer it came. A moment more and it would rush by like a meteor; but it didn't. It slackened up at the very corner on which Thomas stood to allow an official of the road to jump off.

Thomas was not slow, if he did miss trains now and then. He swung himself on the "smoker."

"Go'n' far?" asked the brakeman.

"To New York," was his reply.

"You're in luck."

"Well, I've not missed more than three or four trains in my life!" said Thomas; and it was strictly true.

Half-past nine to the minute found him outside of the editorial rooms of the Courier-Journal.

"Can I see Mr. Fitzgerald?" he asked

THE FAT MAN BEING ASSISTED TO THE PLATFORM.

of a boy who came in response to a knock.

"No, sir; he went out of town yesterday. Be back to-morrow at twelve."

"Did you get my letter already?" asked Mr. Fitzgerald of Thomas Morley, when he came to his desk next morning and found that young man waiting for him.

"Yes, sir; and here I am."

"Well, sir, I like your promptness, and I'll give you the place of a man whom we had to discharge for being too slow. You seem to have, what a reporter needs most of all, the 'get-there' quality."

"I didn't allow any trains to pass me," said Thomas, modestly.—Charles Battell Loomis, in Puck.

SALUTED A WHALE.

Exchange of Courtesies Between a Steamship and an Ocean Monster.

El Norte is a steamship which swings between this port and New Orleans with pendulum-like regularity. The reports of strange marine happenings which her officers make are about as uniform. Not long ago she found her way into the newspapers, when Chief Officer Benson told about a fleet of phantom schooners which he had observed riding in the atmosphere off Cape Hatteras.

The boat got into harbor the other day with some observations about whales recorded in her logbook. Capt. Hawthorne is skipper of the craft, but he does not come into this story at all. The second officer, who will have nothing to do with that sort of distinction which is given by printers' ink, says that El Norte was logging along, attending to her own business, when a big whale suddenly appeared directly ahead and about one mile away. The locality is given as eight miles southeast by south of the Scotland lightship.

His whaleship, the second officer said, headed directly for El Norte and was swishing through the water at a rate that would have been the envy of a torpedo boat.

There are some international rules about the conduct of craft that are about to meet head on, but collisions with whales have not been considered. The second officer was therefore at a loss to know just what to do. The whale relieved his perplexity by putting his tail to starboard and going sputtering past the steamship. He spouted three times as he went by and, not to be outdone in courtesy, the ship dipped her flag three times in acknowledgement of the salute.

The whale dived, reappeared again and then headed down the coast, probably to fill an engagement as sea serpent off Long Branch. The engines of El Norte, which had been slowed, began to sob again and the rest of the story is not worth printing.—N. Y. Times.

SLIGHTLY HENPECKED.

Glimpse of the Domestic Life of the Late Edwin Booth.

That part of the community who only knew the late Edwin Booth as our country's most celebrated actor would probably have experienced surprise had they obtained a glimpse of his domestic life with the second Mrs. Booth—to have witnessed the meekness of manner, you might say, with which he complied with her suggestions. That last, however, is scarcely the word for the place, as she was usually in the imperative mood.

The Mrs. Booth I refer to was one of the most extraordinary small and precise of women, and it was difficult for the observer to discover wherein lay her attraction for the great actor, likewise her claim to such absolute control as she practiced over her family.

As an instance of the latter, I may cite the following, which occurred nightly and with absolute regularity at a summer resort, where a number of people, including the Booths, were passing a part of the time.

Miss Booth would probably be engaged conversing with some of her acquaintances, Mr. Booth immersed in a book. On the stroke of ten Mrs. Booth, with index finger pointing dramatically toward the clock, would enunciate warningly the single word:

"Edwina!"

Without an instant's hesitation Miss Booth would bid her friends good night and retire.

In possibly half an hour's time Mrs. Booth, in the same warning voice, would remark:

"Mr. Booth!"

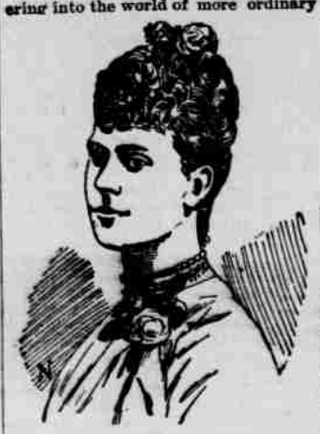
Booth, glancing dreamily up from his book, would regard the small lady an instant as if gradually collecting himself from some other sphere, and then, as obediently as Edwina, he would gravely bid good night to those present and likewise retire.—Toledo Blade.

WOMAN AND HOME.

WHEN AN HEIR IS BORN.

Ceremonies Attending Births in the Circles of Royalty—Red Tape Which Would Not Be Countenanced by American Women—Officials Who Must Attest the Birth of a Prince.

The birth of a probable successor to the English throne is an event which naturally is marked by more ceremonial and circumstance than the ushering into the world of more ordinary



THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

mortals. When an heir to the crown is born members of the privy council must be in attendance to attest the fact. In the present instance a special telegraph wire was laid down between Whitehall and the White lodge in order that not a moment might be lost in transmitting the intelligence to government headquarters in London. Mr. Asquith, whose presence as home secretary was de rigueur, was visiting Mr. Henry White, late first secretary to the United States embassy, at his house at Losely park, Surrey. Richmond is only half an hour distant by rail, and an engine, with steam up, was kept waiting night and day at Guilford, the nearest railway station, in readiness for the summons, for the sending of which special arrangements had been made.

In 1840, on the occasion of the birth of the queen's eldest child, now the Empress Dowager of Germany, there were in attendance in an adjoining apartment, the door of which was open, a number of high state functionaries, including the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, the lord chancellor, Lord Melbourn, Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell.

After the interesting moment had arrived Mrs. Lilly, the nurse, entered the room where the privy councilors were assembled with the princess wrapped in flannel in her arms. Her royal highness was for a moment laid upon a table for the observation of the assembled authorities, but it is recorded that the loud tones in which she indicated her displeasure rendered it advisable that she should be returned without delay to her chamber to receive her first attire. A couple of hours later the privy council met and the usual directions were given for announcing the event to the nation as well as to foreign states.

The birth of the prince of Wales' eldest son, the late duke of Clarence, occurred in such an unexpected fashion that anything in the nature of state formalities was impossible. Indeed, there was not even time to summon the special physicians from London to Frogmore, and the duty of introducing the prince to the light of day devolved upon a local practitioner of Windsor, who, however, seems to have discharged his responsible duties as effectively as could have been expected from his more illustrious brethren. It was a cold and frosty January, and the Princess of Wales had accompanied her husband and a large party to Virginia Water, where a hockey match in which the prince took part was played on the ice.

The princess, who was occasionally driven about in a sledge, was much interested in watching the game. She left Virginia Water at 4 o'clock, and before 9 o'clock the infant prince was born. All arrangements had been made for March at Marlborough house in London, and there was accordingly nothing in readiness, not even a nurse being present on the occasion, though in this connection it is said that the maternal experience of the Countess of Macclesfield was most useful.

The "royal" or "white" lodge, a familiar object to those familiar with the exquisite beauties of Richmond park, is said by a historian writing eighty years ago to have been "built by George I. from a design by the earl of Pembroke as a place of refreshment after the fatigues of the chase." Since then it has been enlarged from a mere hunting box into a comfortable country house. It was a favorite residence of Queen Caroline, consort of George II., whose many acts of kindness to the poor of Richmond were long remembered, and in memory of whom the fine avenue of trees leading up to the house was named "The Queens Ride."

The lodge is substantially built, without any great pretensions to beauty in design, having to right and left of the main building two semi-circular wings covered with ivy and flowering creepers. These wings were added at a time when the queen and the prince consort were wont, in the earlier days of their married life, constantly to stay at the White lodge, for which both had a great affection. Every living-room in the house is a miracle of comfort and good taste, a result due to the duke of Teck, who excells in all that has to do with art decoration.

Fried Bananas.

Take ripe bananas not too soft, and peel them. Dip them in cracker dust, then in beaten egg, and again in cracker dust. Fry them whole, like doughnuts, in boiling hot fat. When of a delicate brown let them drop in a colander. Serve in a fringed napkin on a platter.

How Copper Is Hardened.

A new method of treating copper has been discovered, and a company has been formed to manufacture it in Chicago. It can be made so hard as to be sonorous, and bells made of it are now in use. Government tests of the metal show that it is not an alloy, but copper pure and simple.

South America's Population.

Exceptional means of information with careful estimates, where accurate statistics were wanting, gives the total population of South America in 1895 at between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000 of souls.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

NOTHING will give such a polish to glass, even the finest, as slightly moist newspaper to wash it and dry newspaper to give the finishing touches.

BLANKETS and counterpanes should not be included in the general washing. To give these articles the care they require a special day should be set aside for them.

A RAW egg swallowed immediately will generally carry a fish bone down that cannot be removed from the throat by the utmost exertion and has got out of reach of the finger.

THERE ought not to be a dark room in any human habitation. To have too much sunlight for health is not possible. Its intensity under exceptional circumstances can always be moderated as occasion may require.

IN escalloped tomatoes put a layer of tomatoes in an earthen dish; then one of bread crumbs, with a little sugar, butter, pepper and salt; another of tomatoes, another of bread, until the dish is full. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

THE gorgeous lamp shades of scarlet, pink, blue and yellow, an eye specialist is credited with saying, should be confined to rooms where no reading or sewing is done. The lamp for night work should be shaded by porcelain globes, preferably of white.

TO CLEANSE glass bottles that have held oil, place ashes in each bottle and immerse in cold water, then heat the water gradually until it boils; after boiling an hour, let them remain till cold. Then wash the bottles in soapsuds and rinse in clear water.

ALMOST A NECESSITY.

How to Make a Dainty and Artistic Toilet Tray Pincushion.

Very often while dressing it becomes necessary to do a little repairing before one can go on with the toilet. A small rent, a button gone or going, which can readily be attended to, but if left is likely to become worse by another day's wear.

For this purpose a tiny convenience for one's dresser is nice to have. Your

TOILET TRAY PINCUSHION.

workbasket may be downstairs. Who wants to run down for it.

Take a convenient-sized box-lid, cover the inside with velvet sewed over a stiff paper to fit the bottom, putting cream lace over the corners. Draw a ribbon around inside and out, fastening it at the corners. A lace insertion around the outside is a dainty finish.

A small, round box is covered and a small pincushion fastened on top. At the side arrange a band to hold a pair of scissors, which are almost a toilet necessity. With this always ready one could keep pretty well mended up.—Farm and Fireside.

PATENT LEATHER SHOES.

Vaseline or Castor Oil a Better Dressing Than Patented Compounds.

As patent leather shoes, even of the best quality, are likely to crack, and the shoe dealers will not be responsible for them, it is well to know how to doctor them a little yourself. In the first place, keep them wrapped in cotton batting and the inside filled with soft paper or cotton. If necessary to wear them on a very cold night put them on in the dressing-room after arriving, if possible.

To keep the leather soft rub it occasionally with a little sweet oil, rubbing the oil in as much as possible, and then wipe the shoes thoroughly with chamois. If you must continue to wear your shoes after the glaze is cracked, buy or make a good varnish and keep the shoes dressed with it. A good varnish is made from a quarter of a pound of powdered gum arabic and two ounces of logwood. Cover with a pint of claret and simmer very slowly a quarter of an hour. Strain, bottle and label. Apply with the tips of the fingers or with a soft black flannel. Before using see that the shoes are free from dust or any old coat of varnish. Dry thoroughly in a place where there is no dust.

Postpone the using of patent dressings on shoes as long as possible. It may be used on the heels and sides of the soles with much less injury than when applied to the other parts of the shoes. Keep those clean and rub occasionally with vaseline or castor oil.

Cream Chocolate Caramels.

Mix together in a granite ware saucepan half a pint of sugar, half a pint of molasses, half a pint of thick cream, one generous tablespoonful of butter and four ounces of chocolate. Place on the fire and stir until the mixture boils. Cook until a few drops of it will harden if dropped into ice water; then pour into well-buttered pans, having the mixture about three inches deep. When nearly cold mark into squares. It will take almost an hour to boil this in a granite ware pan, but not half so long if cooked in an iron frying-pan. Stir frequently while boiling. The caramels must be put in a very cold place to harden.

Madame's Silken Petticoat.

The silken petticoat has become an article of artistic elegance, made of rich brocades and moire silks, and trimmed with lace-covered ruffles and flounces of chiffon, and is almost as important an item of dress as the gown which is worn over it. A very dainty skirt is made of black and white striped silk with a flounce of yellow satin at the bottom, over which is a plaited silk muslin ruffle edged with narrow black guipure, and headed with black insertion and a ruche of muslin. White satin and white chiffon is the ideal combination for a bridal petticoat.

She Bought All He Had.

Agent—To every one buying one package of "Liftem's Baking Powder" we present a baking pan.

Mrs. Athome—Baking pan! Why, that thing with a screen over it looks more like a bird cage!

Agent—Yes, ma'am; but that powder makes such light biscuits that you must bake them in a cage or they'll float away.—Puck.

Needed Salting.

Sunday school teacher—Why was Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt?

Tommy—Cause she was too fresh.—Judge.

A ROTTEN RECORD.

The Disastrous Results of Democratic Mismanagement.

"Let us have peace!" is now the fervent cry of business. The same prayer comes from the west and east, from the homes of millions of wage-earners and from the offices of half a million manufacturers and as many merchants. The rich and the poor join in one prayer: "Let tariff war end and let us have peace." Then may the wheels start again, and idle hands find work, and plenty come in place of want to millions of homes. Surely congressmen cannot be aware how much their weary strife over this question has cost the people. In the one month of July the difference between this year and last in payments for products and for labor will be about $1,000,000,000. But this is the fourteenth month of continued and sore depression. In these fourteen months the actual payments through all clearing houses have been $53,500,000,000, and in the preceding fourteen months the aggregate was $72,900,000,000—a decrease of $19,400,000,000. The business done includes profits for traders and manufacturers, for transporters, farmers, miners and lumbermen, and wages for all the hands they employ. The enormous loss represents decrease in wages and work and profits for all concerned—more than 26 per cent. of the entire business for the fourteen months.

The wage-earners, or rather those who would earn wages if the democratic party would let us have peace, being 35 per cent. of the people, number 24,000,000. The wages at the rate of 1890, reckoning about a third at the farming and the rest at the average rate for all manufacturing hands according to the census, were $400 yearly for each. But instead of $9,600,000,000, these people are probably earning at the rate of $2,400,000,000 less, part being unemployed and part working at lower rates. The great iron industry, which should employ in all its branches 600,000 men, as it did in 1890, with a yearly production of $1,200,000,000, instead of a full consumption of 9,300,000 tons of pig actually consumed in the last twelve months about 5,100,000—less than 55 per cent—which would imply a decrease of 270,000 hands, and $540,000,000 in value of yearly product provided prices had been unchanged. But prices of iron products have been reduced at least 30 per cent., or nearly $200,000,000 on the reduced output. The textile manufactures, employing half a million persons, have reduced hands and output somewhat less, and yet very largely. In many other industries the mere loss in value of products must be reckoned by hundreds of millions.

Do democrats mean to say that the frightful losses result from the present tariff, and not from their attempt to change it? Very well, give us peace and let us test it. Let the country have a chance to find out whether the claim is false or not. Stop agitation until next January, and see whether industries will not revive and business improve under the tariff as it stands. Instant and full recovery could not be expected, of course. Complete recovery with the threat of change still hanging over industries could not be reasonably expected. Yet the democrats dare not face the test. They dare not let the working people and the business men of this country see how sudden and great a relief would come if democratic agitation would but take itself out of the way, even for a few months only.

They do not dare, or they would have tried it long ago. It is almost a year since this congress met in extra session. Before that its chosen leaders and treasurer and other experts had been at work for some months trying to frame a tariff bill. After more than a year of incessant labor and agitation and shameful humiliation the party is disgusted to find that it cannot agree upon or pass anything that looks like a democratic tariff. Its wrangles, its amazing corruption and shameless bartering, its contemptuous disregard of public opinion, of decency, of pledges and of principles, made its respectable leaders long for an adjournment months ago—only they did not dare to let the people see what the maligned McKinley bill would do for their industries if they let it alone. But think once more, democratic friends. Would it not pay better to let the people have a little taste of prosperity before the next presidential election?—N. Y. Tribune.

WHERE THE BLAME BELONGS.

Who Is Responsible for Delaying Tariff Legislation.

Democratic apologists are having their lines cast in hard places these days. Facts pile up against them with terrible precision and swiftness, and each hour of delay in settling for good or ill the great question of tariff legislation brings with it an addition of odium and disgrace that has already been laid at their door. As to this more recent delay republican skirts have been kept clear. Since the senate passed its bill no republican has uttered more than a few words of debate, no one has made a single dilatory motion, no one offered the slightest degree of obstruction. Democratic dissensions, wranglings and recriminations have filled the hours of congress. Democratic conferrees have "sat and looked at each other" in the language of the wily senior senator from New York, and all this the country knows, and condemns with bitter words and more potent political resolutions.

The point of special interest in all this is to try to ascertain just where, inside the charmless circle of democracy, the responsibility for delay rests. And it must be said, as it is secretly felt in Washington already, that on Grover Cleveland's shoulders must fall the burden. No sane observer of affairs can doubt that before that famous letter was written, the senate bill had every advantage of war, and it was a question of only a few hours when the house would surrender unconditionally. The white flag was tied to the halyard, when from the white house came that curious command to hold the fort. New hope came to the weary soldiers, the guns were remanned and the war commenced afresh.

The outlook to-day is doubtful in the extreme. There may be no tariff legislation at all. And if all the trouble, and turmoil and attack on American industries comes to naught, there can be no doubt that Cleveland can be honestly thanked for what he has done, however little he intended to do it.—Boston Traveller.

☞The democratic senators stick as close to the sugar hogshead as flies in June.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE DEAL IN SUGAR.

Revelations Which Make Things Look Dark for the Democracy.

The report of the sugar trust investigating committees represents the happening of the expected. There was never any reason to look for a different result, because there was never any reason to suppose that the committee would make an earnest and thorough attempt to obtain the facts. A great deal of testimony has been taken, but it is mostly of the kind that stops where the trail begins to be fresh. The accused parties, and many not accused, were summoned one after another and their pleas of not guilty accepted as conclusive proof in the case. There is nothing to show that plain clews were followed up in a capable and resolute way, or that suspicious circumstances were pushed to a definite and satisfactory explanation. The methods employed to ascertain the truth concerning alleged corrupt or improper proceedings were calculated to defeat that purpose by providing ample opportunity for concealment. As usual in such investigations, the line of action was so adjusted as to introduce an abundance of irrelevant matter and to keep the essential points out of sight. There is no doubt in the public mind as to the fact that fortunes were made by speculators upon advance information furnished by democratic senators, and that certain of those senators were large gainers in the matter; but the committee was not looking for such information, and so did not find it.

There are some things of a damaging kind in the report, however, which could not be suppressed. It is stated, for instance, that Secretary Carlisle drafted a sugar schedule which was favorable to the trust, and that the schedule finally agreed upon was of the same character. In other words, it appears that the administration, as represented by Mr. Carlisle, took a special interest in the sugar matter, and that its recommendations were in perfect accord with the wishes of the trust. This does not legally prove that the trust was given the protection and advantage that it desired, or demanded, in return for its large contribution to the democratic campaign fund of 1892; but certainly the coincidence raises a strong presumption to that effect. If there was not a bargain of that kind, then the democratic senators, with the approval, if not at the instance of the administration, made the trust a valuable present at the cost of the government and the people as an act of generosity. When the affair is looked at from any point of view it has an ugly aspect. The trust got what it desired, let the explanation be what it may. It is for those who thus favored a gigantic and grasping monopoly to convince the country, if they can, that they were actuated by honest and patriotic motives, in spite of the very distinct indications that other and less creditable influences had a controlling effect in the transaction.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

DELAY OF THE TARIFF.

Democrats Responsible for the Trouble Over the Wilson Bill.

What is the meaning of this struggle within the democratic party over the tariff? The democratic president went into office nearly seventeen months ago. He had it in his power to call, at that moment, an extra session of congress, democratic in both branches, to carry out the pledge which he and his party had made, of tariff reduction—free trade practically. The seventeen months have passed, and with them nearly twelve months of actual session of congress, and yet this democratic congress and administration have not succeeded in putting upon the statute books a new tariff law.

What does it mean? Simply that while free trade, or even low tariff, is very popular in theory it is not good in practice. It is like the boil, the only place that anybody wants it is on the other fellow.

The reason that this congress, now almost a year in session, has not enacted a tariff law long before this, in accordance with the promises of the democratic platform and president, is that every democrat has been struggling to protect his own section and the interests of his own people. He was willing and anxious to see free trade or a low rate of tariff duty on the productions of anybody else; but he wanted to protect his own state or district and the manufactures thereof.

This is the key to the situation in Washington to-day. Not only so, but it exemplifies the false and delusive character of the theory upon which the democratic party takes its stand in regard to the revenue question. "Give us free trade," shouts every democrat, "but keep a high protective duty on the articles made in my district or my state or by my people." It is a purely selfish proposition, and in marked contrast with the broad policy of the republican party, which proposes a protective duty upon all articles manufactured or produced by the people of the United States; thus insuring not only living prices to the manufacturers and producers, but high wages to those whom they employ, or those dependent incidentally upon their industry.

COMMENT AND OPINION.

☞The fewer the number of the party pledges kept by the democracy the better it will be for the country.—N. Y. Recorder.

☞The clover patch in which it was predicted the democrats would wallow appears to have been mud.—Toledo Blade.

☞The McKinley law is gaining friends more rapidly than any other tariff measure now before the country.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞To-day the democratic party stands before the country convicted upon the evidence it has itself furnished, of incompetence and corruption.—San Francisco Argonaut.

☞The people who are responsible for this administration may be thoroughly enjoying the edifying spectacle it now presents to the country, but an ear laid to the ground detects no sound of applause.—Indianapolis Journal.

☞Democrats may continue to "point with pride" to "the resolutions of '92," but they will never "point with pride" to the congress of '94. There is too much that they are not proud of, either in the front or the back view.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

☞If it is true, as intimated, that the president feels gratified over Hill's defense of him, Mr. Cleveland is really more unsophisticated than one would have a reason to suppose because of the provincial town from which he came.—Cleveland Leader.